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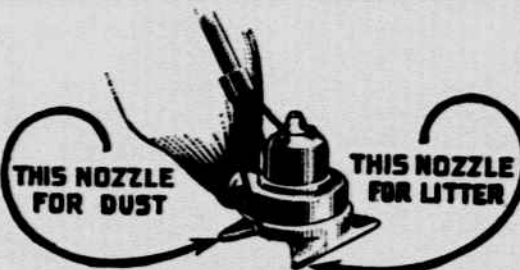
Select a locket that
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show you the locket shown
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heart in
every locket



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without shifting them.

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Makers of the Santo Vacuum Cleaner and
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All contributions to the
Magazine Section should
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THE EDITOR

The Associated

Sunday Magazines

52 East Nineteenth Street
New York City

an outcurve that cut the heart of the plate.
The umpire called it a strike. The coach nod-
ded again. This time my curve went outside
by a foot, and the batter swung at it; but
he was so far away he missed the ball a yard.

On the next try the batter came closer to
the plate; but, having realized the advan-
tage of that throw at his head, I shot an-
other one close to his chin and drove him
back. This made three balls on the batter,
and my catcher began to fear I would walk
him. I got the nod from the coach, and
again my outcurve cut the plate—and the
batter was out. He didn't even strike at it.

Our rooters rose and yelled their heads off.
As I walked to the plate when the side was
out, I began to see what a great thing it is
to know the fine points of anything one is
doing. While I had the strength, the coach's
mind was responsible for my striking out
that batter and the next two.

"Don't weaken," the coach impressed upon
me; "but follow my instructions and you'll
win."

And I did! Not only did I win a pitchers'
battle; but I happened to have the honor of
driving in the winning run myself with a
two-base hit.

THAT night I was the hero of the college
team. Red the rubber took all the
credit for the victory, and I was glad to let
him have it.

"I know a ball player when I see one,"
he said gleefully. "And I guess this is fine!
There's a man here to see you," Red sud-
denly remembered, "and I think he's a big
league scout."

That night the scout called on me; but
before I had a chance to talk to him one of
my friends came to me and said that I had
scored the first point in getting into that
Greek letter society.

The baseball scout was a nattily dressed
man of about fifty years. He told me that
McGraw had been interested in my work
because I had asked him some questions one
day on a train.

VAUDEVILLE

this waste. The successful vaudevillian rarely
experiences a break in his bookings now-
days, and, especially if his act does not de-
pend upon acoustics, he fills out his season
with roof gardens, summer parks, and per-
haps a circus.

Variety people make up an individual na-
tion in the theatrical world. They have
their own language, their own viewpoint,
their own ambitions and grievances, besides
their own clubs, hotels, and newspapers.
The most important of these societies, both
in New York, are the Vaudeville Comedy
Club, which gives an annual benefit, and the
White Rats, an aggressive organization that
has conducted spunky fights against greedy
agents and against the blacklist of the
United Booking Offices. The White Rats
publish a weekly periodical, known as "The
Player"; but the real trade paper of the
profession is issued in a green cover and
called "Variety."

The real vaudeville performer—he usually
insists upon alluding to himself as "the
artist"—actually appears on the stage about
forty minutes a day. His labor, however,
is not quite so light as these figures make it
seem. He must put on and take off his
makeup afternoon and evening, and he
must be in the theater during a good deal of
the time he is not engaged. Monday morn-
ing he rehearses with the orchestra, and is
assigned a number on the program of the
week—vaudevillians, like convicts and hotel
guests, being identified by numbers. His
place in the bill depends upon the length of
his turn, the stage room required for it, and
its nature. Acts that can be given in front of
a drop "in one" must be sandwiched be-
tween "full stage" acts; so that scenes may
be set for the latter without interrupting the
performance, and the experienced stage
manager arranges his material with a keen
eye to variety.

As important as the star dressing room to
a leading woman, as vital as full-faced type
to a star, is his place on the bill to a vaude-
villian. By their numbers ye shall know
them. Headliners are given a position mid-
way in the entertainment, and insist upon
it as "legitimate" actors upon the center of
the stage. Minor acts open or close a show,
and the prejudice against being assigned to
either end is so great that many stage man-
agers must sympathize with the Irishman who,
being informed that a large percentage of the
victims of a railway accident were passen-
gers in the last car of the train, inquired,
"Then, bedad, why don't they leave off the
last car?"

"Now, young fellow," he said, "I should
like to sign you for next season if you care to
play professional ball. I guess they'll give
you about two thousand dollars a year for a
starter. How about it?"

I didn't know what to say. I had a chance
to realize my ambition; but I didn't want
to leave college. I also knew that my par-
ents would object.

"Can't you let the matter rest for awhile?"
I asked him.

"I'll tell you what we can do," he said.
"You sign an agreement that if you do play
professional ball you will give us an option
on your services. To bind it I'll advance
you one hundred dollars."

I was behind in some of my bills, and I took
the hundred.

Later I went back to the scout and handed
him the money. "I don't want to ruin my
college career," I said; "but after I graduate
I might consider your offer. Wait, won't
you?"

"I will if you will give me your word of
honor that you will play with us if you play
with anybody. Here is the address of the
manager, and he is waiting to hear from you.
You know he is very partial to college play-
ers, because he thinks their minds are easier
to train."

THE next morning I received a letter from
my mother in which she congratulated
me on my victory. There was a tone of sad-
ness in her letter, however; for she told me
that my father had lost most of the money
he had invested in a copper mine.

"I want you to get all the good out of
college while you are there," she said; "for
if things get worse you may not have a
chance to return next year."

The next day there came a letter from
my father in which he said things were
worse, but that he didn't want my mother to
know.

That night I sat down and wrote to the
big league manager.

To be continued in an early number

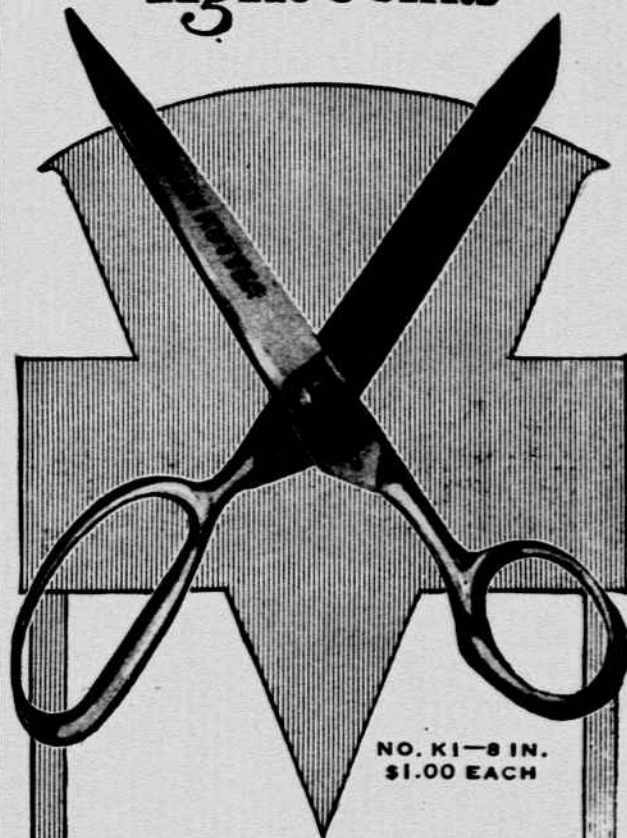
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A layman may ask reasonably how the
managers of variety houses are able to pay
double the salaries that prevail in other
theaters, while they exact only half the price
of admission. The explanation is simple.
In the first place, as has been mentioned,
they pay nothing but salaries: neither rail-
way fares nor the cost of costumes and para-
phernalia. They are not compelled to make
big and expensive productions, to remun-
erate authors, or, most important of all, to
divide with the managers of theaters in which
their shows are given. Henry B. Harris or
Frederick Thompson, presenting "The Coun-
try Boy" or "The Spendthrift" at the Chest-
nut Street Opera House, Philadelphia, or
the National Theater, Washington, must
divide equally, or nearly equally, with the
lessees of those places of amusement. The
vaudeville impresario assembles his own
show in his own theater, and takes the en-
tire amount paid in at the boxoffice. Even
in these times, an exceedingly good bill can
be put together for twenty-five hundred dol-
lars, and, if the running expenses of the
theater are two thousand, there remains a
wide margin of profit.

THE United Booking Offices, which do
business from New York, are as complete
a trust as any in America. The "offices" are
maintained by a combination that includes
all the powerful vaudeville managers and all
the big vaudeville circuits, from New York
to San Francisco. There has been sporadic
opposition, like that recently made by Wil-
liam Morris, who had the American and
Plaza Music Halls in New York and a few
others throughout the country; but the end
of this opposition always has been com-
promise or defeat. Performers claim that
they are not permitted to play for rival man-
agements under pain of being placed on the
dread "black list," and that, once so placed,
they may as well retire from the business.
Whether this be true or not (it probably is
true), and however highhanded the conduct
of the combination, the observer must con-
cede that businesslike system, economical
methods, and complete order have been es-
tablished by the United Booking Offices.

This combination includes the Ham-
mersteins, father and son, who have the Victoria
Theater in New York; Percy Williams, who
controls the Colonial, the Alhambra, the
Bronx, and two theaters in Brooklyn; B. F.
Keith, who operates theaters in the metrop-
olis, in Boston, in Philadelphia, and in Provi-
dence; and the heads of great circuits like the
Orpheum and Sullivan & Considine's. There

Sharp Edges Tight Joints

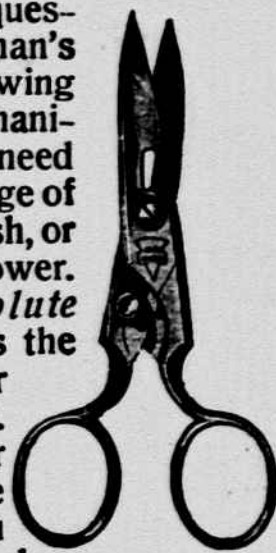


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